In the maine battell, whose puissance on eyther side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest Horse?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I one my Tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, our swords our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to Heauen, then hand in hand to Hell, *His Oration*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, *to his Army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascols, and run-awayes,
A scum of *Britaines*, and base Iackey Pesants,
Whom their ore cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, and blest with beautious wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in *Brittaine* at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in Snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the Seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues.
VVho but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard *Brittaines* whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our land, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare there Drum,

Fight

Fight Gentlemen of *England* fi
Draw Archers, draw your Arr
Spur your proud horses hard, a
Amaze the welking with your
What sayes Lord *Stanley* will
Mes. My Lord he doth der
Kin. Off with his sonne *Ge*
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy i
After the battell let *George S*
Kin. A thousand hearts are g
Aduance our standards, set vp
Our ancient word of courage
Inspire vs with the spleene of
Vpon them, victory sits on our
Alarum excursions.
Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Nor*
The King enacts more wonde
Daring and opposite to euery
His horse is slaine, and all on
Seeking for *Richmond* in the
Rescew faire Lord, or else the
Kin. A horse, a horse, my Kir
Cat. Withdraw my *Lord*, il
Kin. Slaue I haue set my life
And I will stand the hazzard
I thinke there be sixe *Richmo*
Fiue haue I slaine to day inst
A horse, a horse, my Kingdo
Alarum. Enter Richard & R
slaine, then retrait being so
bearing the Crowne, with
Rich. God and your armes
The day is ours, the bloody
Dar. Couragious *Richmon*
Loe here this long vsurped
From the dead temples of th
Haue I pluckt off to grace th
Weare it, and make much o
Rich. Great God of Heau

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.6